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VOL. 1. JAN. 14, NO. 3. 1860.

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NEW VOLUME.—JANUARY, 1860.

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We learn that the publishers of the American Magazine are realizing a large share of patronage, and it affords us pleasure to remark their success.—[The General Advertiser, Providence.

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ARCHITECTS' AND MECHANICS' JOURNAL.—The following are extracts from notices which have appeared in the public journals of this country and England, respecting the ARCHITECTS AND MECHANICS JOURNAL:

It is edited with evident ability. . . . . Altogether, the best work of the kind ever published in our city.—[Scientific American.

A valuable journal, and deserves to become a permanent institution.—[New-York Evening Post.

It is very creditably got up, and contains some admirably executed wood-cuts.—[London (Eng.) Artizan.

It is just such a work as every practical architect and mechanic should have.—[St. Louis Democrat.

Of great value to the class to whom it is addressed, and is conducted with great ability.—[New-York Sunday Times.

Will be a help to all house-planners and builders.—[New-York Century.

Carries with it an air of greater honesty of purpose and mildness of expression than many of its predecessors.—[Glasgow Practical Mechanics Journal.

Contains much that is of value and interest to engineers, master-builders, mechanics, and manufacturers.—[Boston Courier.

The first number, now before us, contains several papers of interest and value, and affords a favorable promise of the future character of the work.—[N. Y. Tribune.

Contains several nicely-engraved illustrations of mechanism and architecture. The typographical appearance of the work is very fine indeed.—[Buffalo Express.

We welcome warmly the appearance of a periodical devoted to architecture and construction in America, and which, if we may judge trom the first number, will be conducted in a manner befitting its object.—[London (Eng.) Builder.

THE IMPENDING CRISIS.

GROG AND GOVERNMENT.

The charmingly social and unconventional proceedings of Extra-Billy Smith and others, in the House of Representatives, during the famous egg-nog session, have found, it seems, a worthy counterpart in the Kentucky Legislature. There was a "Breckenridge Festival," at Frankfort, recently, which is described, by a correspondent of the Louisville *Journal*, as being "a perfect saturnalia." Vice-President Breckenridge was there; Governor Magoffin was there; Lieutenant-Governor Porter was there; Ex-Governor Meriwether was there; Judges of the High Court were there, and many other magnates, all of whom hob-nobbed, says our authority, "with people who would be considered savages elsewhere." But all are fishes—and loaves—that come to the political net, and as the affair was "a free blow," it was of course expected that the Dear Public, and the be-wethers (and Meriwethers) who lead the Dear Public by the nose, should get very drunk indeed.

The next morning, the Legislature convened. "There was a good deal of fun in the House"—as much, perhaps, as during the egg-nog session of Congress. The *Journal's* correspondent says: "John O. Harrison located himself on a sofa in the lobby, and slept sweetly and innocently as an infant. A resolution was passed (introduced by Mr. Armstrong, of Hardin), providing for the initiation of all the members into the Sons of Malta. The member from Fleming had a motion to introduce creature comforts. Governor Meriwether had his dinner sent him. Various gentlemen had their pocket-flasks filled," etc., etc.

How charming! How easy and gracious those chivalric Kentucky legislators can be! With what pride and respect must their constituents regard them! We are delighted to see this growing tendency toward good-fellowship and sociality among our law-givers, and hope that the day may come, ere long, when, if a knotty question arise in Congress, instead of arguing and quarrelling over it, the Honorable Gentlemen will send for a few baskets of champagne, and all get gloriously tight together, independent of party or politics.

What a beautiful sight it would be, to see a Grow and a Branch, or a Davis and a Porter, lying down together, side by side, like the Scriptural lamb and lion—or like Mr. John O. Harrison—to sleep "sweetly and innocently as an infant!" By all means, let this vinous millennium come as quickly as possible. Let bottles be substituted for ballots—let V. O. P. take the place of V. O. T. E.—let treats supplant treaties, and let the Honorable Gentlemen treat every good Resolution—let calls to order be considered as calls to order drinks, and in fine, let us avoid the terrible example of the Republic of Rome, by vigorously upholding the Republic of Rum!

Putting His House in Order.

The *Herald* says:

"An Imperial decree in the 'Bulletin des Lois' opens an extraordinary credit of 140,000 francs, for the expenses of repairing the old residence of Longwood and the tomb of Napoleon I., at St. Helena, and the appropriation of other parts of the domain of the Val Napoleon."

This is a commendably prudent measure. Napoleon I. having suffered many inconveniences, when he was "sent up to the Island," his Nephew takes pains to have everything made comfortable against the time when, in following the Footsteps of his Uncle, he will be obliged to Make Tracks for St. Helena.

Query.

Is Sleepy Hollow a Yawning gulf or a mere Gape in the mountain?

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

[Mr. Glossbrenner has already advanced large sums of money to the members, and says he is prepared so to do to the extent of $200,000 if necessary.]

Chink, chink,
Clicketty clink!
Out of the pocket,
Or out of the box
Which GLOSSBRENNER locks
—But has to unlock it
To furnish the rocks
In advance
To the Members who chance
To play Jeremy Diddler
And keep up the dance,
While Glossbrenner kindly shells out to the fiddler!

Chink, chink,
Clicketty clink!
Comes the glittering gold,
Bright and cold—
And 'tis very well known
—At all events, *I* know—
GLOSSBRENNER alone
Can furnish the "tin,"
The "needful," the "rhino,"
The "soap," and the "brads,"
The root of all sin,
To these rollicking, jolly Congressional lads,
Whose labors they've hardly begun to begin.

But lending
Them money
Is almost as funny
As spending.
—Indeed, but the act
Has powerful charms,
That's a fact—
For GLOSSBRENNER wants to be Sergeant-at-arms!
And when they have spent
The cash he has lent,
They've got to elect him,
'Twon't do to reject him,
Lest he
Should be
Too keen for his three
Per cent, say, a month, or as some
have told me,
A still higher figure of flat usury!

Chink, chink,
Clicketty clink!
Let me ask where,
If I dare,
Does GLOSSBRENNER get all his money to spare,
That lending appears to confer such a pleasure?
Is he somebody's heir,
Or has he
Got the key
Of that coffer that we
Are taxed to replenish—the National Treasure?

What if Wood could?

Mayor Wood calls loudly for the inauguration of the "One Man Power." If granted in his case, we fear it would soon degenerate into a One Horse Power.

Armæ virumque, etc.

Every one has observed the remarkable slenderness of leg in the Frenchman generally. It can only be accounted for, we think, by his disposition to Fly to Arms on the most trivial provocation.

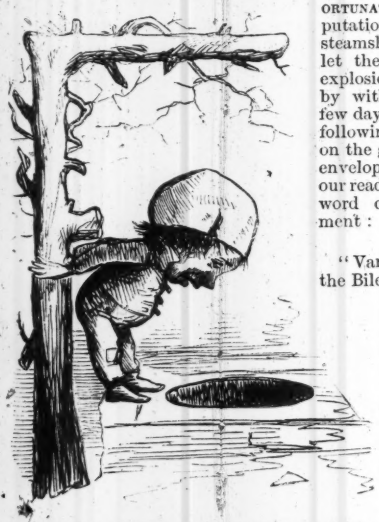
DID Nebuchadnezzar go to grass in the heyday of his youth?

PRUDENCE.

AUTHOR OF HIS BEING.—Well, Georgy, how did you pass your New Years?

GEORGY.—First rate, Pa. Me and Johnny Howland made calls together; he mixed his liquors—the goose—of course with the usual consequences, but I stuck to Sherry, and feel like bricks this morning.

AN HONORABLE EXPLANATION.



ORTUNATELY for their own reputation, the owners of the steamship Grenada have not let the circumstance of the explosion of that steamer go by without explanation. A few days ago we received the following Statement, written on the greasy back of an old envelope, and we give it to our readers *verbatim*, without a word of impertinent comment:

STAITMENT

"Vanty Fare, Sir We oan the Biler that Bustid onto the steamer Grenada dec 31 & nockt Flanigan a considerbel Distans the Kerners inkwest lies Berbick Swoar it wont But 1-16 of an inch thick ive Mesured the plait & i kin Swair it was 3-32 of an inch it Wont yousd But 6 yere it had a flaw & wos considerbel Rusty it wos a valubel Biler & Now its Nothink But oald irn wuth penny a pound Seker Sed as Much Perry Sed it Wont Bad for a 6 yere oald Biler Cuffer Corobertid Flanigan Wood hev dide in Few yere he Bein oald he was a irishman Weve Lost on the Biler We coodent Be a Maikin a new Biler every yere Perry examind it Cum and Look at it Wen New it Wood Bair 130 pound of coars it got Wors in 6 yere its a grait Damig to us ther Wos 2 much Steme onto it Cocran Donno We pacht it Biler air hard things to Manig tri us agin (5-16 of an inch Wen New Not enuf Watter into it Weve Lost By it.

"OANERS."

An Even Thing.

When an Englishman is in luck he talks of seeing palmy days, and a Frenchman, who has a stroke of good fortune may, with equal propriety, *s'y pamer d'aise*, also.

Very Unjust.

Two Democratic politicians undertook to settle their differences by the shortest method, and were very unjustly interrupted by the law. Mr. Edward C. Malloy, who, at the late Charter Election, was defeated in his aspirations for the office of Alderman of the Twelfth District, madeup his mind that his discomfiture was brought about by Mr. John Irwin. With this harrowing his mind, and perhaps his stomach, Giant Malloy set to th, and soon found Irwin, into whom he straightway pitched, and desperately attempted to cut up, but was stopped before he had more than time to take an ear, a bit of the nose, and just the least taste out of Irwin's mouth. He was arrested, and very unjustly held in $2,000 bail, for which same, Councilman Castello was his surety. We protest heartily against any interference with Giant Malloy. He will be found, if let alone, the most useful man in town. Wherever a politician is troublesome, put Malloy at him, and let him be eaten, body, bones and breeches. By keeping Malloy's stomach full, in this way, he will be kept out of other mischief, and so long as he feeds on none but his own race, there will be no harm done. It may be with this intention that Councilman Castello has taken him in charge.

"Dog Sure."

You can always tell of the approach of a man who keeps a dog, by the appearance of his Fore-Runner.

Dana in For It.

Mr. Dana, in his epistolary altercation with Robert E. Randall, Esq., of Philadelphia, has the following beautiful specimen of "English undefiled":—

* * * * "Permit me, however, to observe that it is universally known who is the editor of the *Tribune* and that IT is another man than ME. * * * *

This is taking the ground of personal neutrality with a vengeance. However, we hope IT will engender no further words on the matter.

Birds that Can sing and Won't Sing.

Those Congressmen who announce themselves ready to vote as soon as the House is organized, yet who help to protract disorganization by saying nothing persistently, should be sent home to their mammas at once, and efficient men put in their places. Perhaps the Mutability thus shown, might effectually surprise the Music Ability these gentlemen exhibit.

No Wonder.

Every person who crosses Broadway, during this horrible, slippery season of mud, snow, mire and water, is exceedingly likely to Pitch Into the slush.

Throwing the Tub to the Whale.

Since Holiday week, the dry-goods retailers, like the mariners of Jonah's ship, Sink their Profit rather than shorten their Sales.

Bad for the Union Doctors.

The violent Brown-chial affection, so prevalent a few weeks since in some portions of the North, seems to be rapidly abating.

WHEN may a butler of the olden time be said to have discharged his master?

When he gave him the Sack.

"Alas! for the Rarity."

The critics who correct, might be as useful, but are as rare as the doctors who cure.

Newsboy's Exclamation on New Year's Day.

Oh! '60.

NECESSITAS NON HABET LEGS.

POOR LA-MAR!

Come, good folks, hasten one and all,
And listen to my ditty,
'Tis all about a Wanderer
From famed Savannah city.
This Wanderer was under ban,
For such a cause, now, hark ye,
'Twas nothing more nor less than fan—
—Cying too much native darkey.
With his Mar, Mar, Mar,
Fol de rol de riddle, riddle—And La-mar.

One day this Wanderer stepped out,
And Lamar stood aghast, Sirs!
He chased the rascal out to sea,
But—Ah! she was too fast, Sirs!
Then Marshal and Attorney went
And added up the figures,
And thought it best they shouldn't ment—
—Ion not a word of niggers.
To this Mar, Mar, Mar,
Fol de rol de riddle, riddle—To La-mar.

But sad result of all the fun,
One day at Boston town, Sirs,
This Wanderer came sneaking in,
And hauled her colors down, Sirs!
This time, the wolf, with ugly rub,
Had wiped out all those figures,
And brought Lamar a load of troub—
—Le, but no native niggers.
For its Mar, Mar, Mar,
Fol de rol, de riddle, riddle—Oh, La-mar!

Warehouse Poetry.

A Model Advertisement-Writer in the *Herald* calls the Sewing Machine "a swift-fingered sister of love and charity." Let us hereafter speak of the Cooking-Range only as the warm-hearted minister to appetite and contentment; of the Daguerreotype Apparatus as the bright-faced reflector of beauty and worth, and, among other ingenious mechanical productions, of the Model Advertisement-Writer as the soft-headed distributor of mellifluous Soap.

Laws o' Mercy!

The ordinances against Cruelty to Animals.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Lest our readers should not be able to find them elsewhere, we take pains to produce a few of the public opinions called forth by the opening number of VANITY FAIR:—

Opinion of the *Courier and Enquirer:*

"Some years ago, we were strolling in one of the most celebrated streets in London, when our shoulder was familiarly tapped and our name pronounced aloud. We turned, and beheld the late lamented Douglas Jerrold, whose honest smile beamed cordially upon us, and whose hospitable hand pointed to a neighboring chop-house, into which he induced us to accompany him. We perceived that something appeared to oppress him, but it was only over the third mug of ale that he unbosomed himself to us. 'General,' said he, looking earnestly into our eye, 'you are the only man of your own or any other country who knows anything about the true manner of conducting a comic paper.' He then requested our advice concerning the most judicious course to be pursued by the witty periodical called *Punch*, which we readily gave him; and it is perhaps proper to say here that since that time, *Punch* has steadily advanced in public favor. We refer to this incident to show that our opinion on the subject of comic papers has been deemed of some value by those in whose judgment the world is willing to confide; yet the managers of the new publication called VANITY FAIR did not think it worth their while to consult with us before starting in their new enterprise. We are willing to say, however, that the first number is as sprightly and entertaining as, under these circumstances, could be expected; and we shall not permit any personal feeling to interfere with our wishes for its success."

Opinion of the *Herald:*

"An obscure and ignorant sheet, which mistakes coarseness for wit, makes a blasphemous proposition that the reading of the *Herald* shall be substituted for the morning prayer in Congress. This weak and blasphemous publication attempts to furnish vivacious reading for the people of New-York. It will not do. The *Herald* now circulates upwards of three hundred thousand copies, and is laughed at more every day than this impudent periodical can be in a year. So much for the obscure and ignorant sheet called VANITY FAIR."

Opinion of the *Journal of Commerce:*

"We have seen the first number of a new paper called VANITY FAIR. From a careful examination of its contents, we are led to infer that its object is satirical, and its tone pure and moral. We are free to say that if less levity were displayed in its columns, it would be of a somewhat graver character than it is; although, on the other hand, if it were conducted in a spirit of deeper seriousness, it would not probably be so jocose as we now find it. We are disposed to say, frankly, of this new publication, that if it meet with the full favor of the conservative and other portions of the community, its success is more than probable."

Opinion of the *Times:*

"The main merit of this new paper is that it gives incessant nudges in the ribs of mirth with innumerable elbows formed by the sympathy of youth. Thus, if, from the opening page, we follow up the course of VANITY FAIR, we shall find countless elbows formed by the elbows of the regular army of its contributors. It is parallel with the times. We find it coming fleetly up on all questions likely to attract attention. It is both swift and deep, and can pass its way in the face of a thousand perils. VANITY FAIR is strong in its circle of fortifications."

Opinion of the *Tribune:*

"The withering blight of America—its fatal deficieney of protective sentiment—is ever freshly apparent. We look to Europe for art, manufactures, brains—all of which may be found in greater quantity and superior quality at home. American productions rivalling the finest creations of genius abroad have repeatedly arisen, only to be cruelly crushed. Hence the disadvantages which wait malevolent upon the birth of every literary or artistic enterprise. If the new paper, VANITY FAIR, is to succeed, it must be in the face of national oppression and national blindness. We think, nevertheless, that its merits will secure its triumph. Momus-like, it darts ceaseless spray of humor. It gathers gleams from the ever pregnant Empyrean of wit, and shoots them forth with sparkling brilliancy. Its shafts possess the duplicate force of text and illustration, harmoniously intertwined. It shows fine distinctions. The delicate intangibilities of humor yield to no rude hand. For flashing epigram, and clear-cut, Damascus-blade-like keenness, we have not its superior to look to."

A new Feature in Art.

Solomon's Temple.

The Adventures of Adolphus and Amelia at Central Park.

1. Adolphus acceding at last to Amelia's wish to visit Central Park, carries the convenience a mile, with pleasure.

2. He arranges her skate.

3. And reverses.

4. Exhilarating effect of her first effort upon Adolphus.

5. She goes forward admirably,

6. And backward beautifully.

7. At last, to his great relief, she skates.

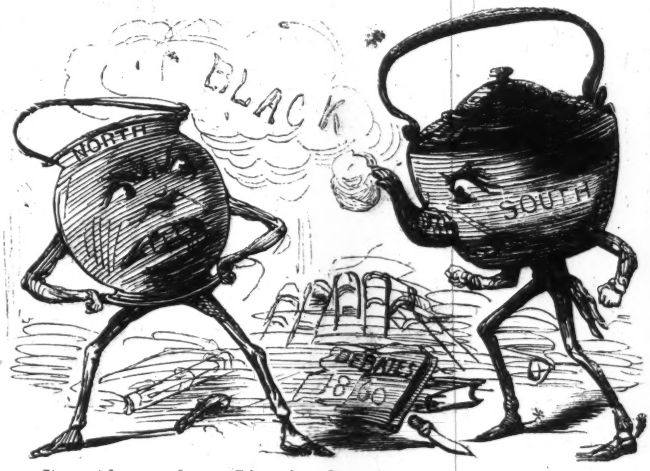
8. At the first favorable opportunity she goes in—an air-hole.—Where *is* Adol, hus?

9. They return home, having had quite enough of Central Park.

E PLURIBUS UNION.

BY OUR POPULAR POET.

"No North, No South,"—No Nonsense.



It must be very funny, I imagine, for a stranger,
To see the folks who fancy that the Union is in danger—
To hear them splurge and speechify, and make a mighty pother
On the question whether CUFFEE is a Brute, or Man and Brother.
With their bow, wow, wow!
Hurrah for Union-Saving and for bow wow, wow!

The Black Republicans have talked much more than they had ought to,
While cooling off their heated brains with cogniac and water;
The F. F. V's., who praise The Bird and Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Have mostly drawn their eloquence from water mixed with brandy,
And from bow, wow, wow!
There's nought like good old cogniac for bow, wow, wow!

The North insists the Union shall be blown up on the minute,
When any newly-entered State shall have a slave within it;
The South declares (and terrifies, thereby, the Union-Savers),
That she in peace again must be allowed to sail her slavers.
With their bow, wow, wow!
Hurrah for North and South, and for their bow, wow, wow!

The Union-Savers, scared by hints of sabre, shot, and shako,
Are trembling for the cash they make on cotton and tobacco;
They do not seem to comprehend their actual positions
And that Civil War is only Capital for Politicians,
With their bow, wow, wow!
Hurrah for Politicians and for bow, wow, wow!

I'll tell you what they ought to do, if you'll excuse the Poet,
If Dissolution is the game, both parties ought to go it.
And when the thing is fairly done, the consequence is plain, sir,
You'll laugh to see how hard they'll work to patch it up again, sir.
With their bow, wow, wow!
The Union will not *stay* Dissolved, for bow, wow, wow!

Hypnotism in the House.

The medical savans of Paris are all agog about Hypnotism, a new anæsthetic process. It consists in "placing a brilliant object before the patient's eyes, close enough to make him squint, and letting him look at it until he falls into a deep sleep, resembling catalepsy," during which, any surgical operation may be painlessly performed.

What a splendid excuse for those Members of Congress who sleep through all the speeches! With such a "brilliant object" as Extra-Billy Smith before their eyes, they can hardly help being hypnotized into the profoundest of slumbers, and though they do some awful squinting, they are quite unconscious of any cutting and slashing they may undergo. There is danger, however, of overdoing the thing. In the House of Representatives, for instance, catalepsy seems to be painfully common,—at least, we observe that when any one of these brilliant objects appears before the eyes of his peers, he gives them all the worst kind of Fits.

The Domestic Squall.

The jealousy existing in our "family of States" is doubtless owing to the Black Amours of some of its fair daughters. Their elder sisters deem them quite too fond of their Sam-Beaux.

A Point Settled.

The Editors and Contributors of VANITY FAIR, congratulate their brethren of the quill through the length and breadth of the land, that so important a question as the responsibility of the journalist, has at length been solved, by Mr. Charles A. Dana of the New-York *Tribune*. Mr. Dana in his general appreciation of all such as differ with him in opinion, saw fit to designate Mr. Robert E. Randall of Philadelphia, "a blackguard." As Mr. Randall was not ambitious of the title, he naturally wished to undeceive this editor. Editor declines being undeceived, but on Mr. Randall's persisting, the editor again declines from the fact that he has not had an introduction to Mr. Randall, and that Mr. Randall does not punctuate his letter, and spells sculking with a C. We think Dana is right, and shall adopt the plan. Hereafter, should we feel it necessary to fling our pen at any gentleman of whom we know nothing, and call him a thief, a murderer or a traitor, we shall decline to hear evidence to the contrary until the offender is introduced to us by the Mayor, Chief of Police and six responsible citizens. If, on opening a correspondence with him to that end, and afterward we find a misspelled word or a badly constructed sentence, we shall then drop the whole affair, and entirely cease to interfere with it. The rights of the press must not be trampled on.

The Two Oracles.

The *Courrier des Etats-Unis*—a journal printed in one of the dead languages—says that, on New-Year's day, Napoleon III. said to Baron Hübner these words:

"I regret that my relations with the Emperor of Austria are not so amicable as heretofore."

The raving and incomprehensible editor adds:

"These words have an immense reverberation, not only in Europe, but also in America. The war in Italy, from that day, seems decided."

This is indeed oracular! But we can assure Napoleon that he is not alone in that line of business. We have just heard of a parallel speech by Governor Wise, which will have an "immense reverberation," too, not only in America, but in New-Jersey also. Sitting at breakfast on the morning of the 4th inst., the Governor remarked to his lady:

"This coffee is unsettled; we must have some fish-skin tomorrow."

The evident allusion to the unsettled state of the Union, and the problematic use of the word "fish-skin"—plainly referring to the influence of New-England, the seat of the fishing interest—show clearly that Governor Wise can do the reverberation style of thing as well as Napoleon. The war in Congress, from that day, seems decided!

Mightier than he thought Himself.

A correspondent in Philadelphia writes us that the Hon. Thomas B. Florence, in his election placards, styles himself the Widow's Friend. Our correspondent, suggests that Mr. F.'s public career entitles him more properly to the appellation of the Widow's Mite.

Wise and Witty.

[A correspondent, referring to the paraphrased proverb in our last issue, "A Word from the Wise is sufficient," begs to know what that word is.]

'Tis asked, "what word that WISE might utter, would
Be satisfactory to all that heard,"
We wish to have it plainly understood
There's but one word for WISE, and—Mum's the Word!

Et tu Brute?

A friend suggests that we ought to do something for the Omnibus Horse, in VANITY FAIR. It is true this sore and abused animal has always been popular with paragraphists, but really, the Russ pavement has become so slippery that he is no longer a Standing Subject.

The Ups and Downs of Faro in Washington.

BEFORE THE ELECTION OF THE SPEAKER.

FARO DEALER.—Slow work this, Jim?

LOOKER-OUT.—Yes, confound these Congressmen; I wish they'd hurry up and elect a Speaker; they can't draw any pay until they do, and we haven't seen one of 'em here for a mo ith.

AFTER THE ELECTION OF THE SPEAKER.

[*An Irruption of Congressional Cash.*]

DISTINGUISHED REPRESENTATIVE OF HIS COUNTRY'S INTERESTS.—Now then, old boy, out with your "chips," let's have a game!

JONATHAN'S IDEES.

I wish I was Member o' Congress,
And set in the Haöuse where they jaw;
I'd keep the boys at it forever,
And wouldn't make nary a law.

I'd git abaöut three thousan' dollar
For saässin', the hull winter threough;
And the Kedentry'd gain by the bargain—
Accordin' to Jess, and dad teöo.

It's all understood by the fellers,—
They blow to protect Uncle Sam;
But for dimes, Number One, and the lobby,
The patriots know it's all flam.

By Gosh! how they dose us with party!
They can't even stop for a nip!
But they don't vote for Gardner or Galphin,
And so, Uncle Sam, let 'em rip!

O'Blarney J. Branch understands it,
And so does Galeüshy A. Grow;
And what they hain't laärned on the subjick,
It ain't no great shakes for to know.

Says Branch one fine day to Galeüshy,
"Galeüshy," says he, "I'm surprised
At that motion o' yourn 'baöut the postage—
It ain't quite the thing, I'm advised."

So Galeüshy, he pricks up his ears—
It's mighty small prickin' they'll bear—
And says he to the fire-eatin' Southern,
"O'Blarney J. Branch, you take care!"

"Oh, ho!" says the bloody O'Blarney,
All wickedly winkin' his eye,
"Ies the seat o' your pants got some rips in!"
Says Galeüsh, "I won't stoop to reply!"

He was sore onto that little toptic,
And said, while he showed his consaärn,
"No gentleman talks on sech subjicks
Whilst a-hevin so much for to laärn."

Then Branch he pitched in, and they went it
An all-fired long while, nip 'n' tuck;
And Branch showed a gen'us for blowin',
While Grow waän't behind him in pluck.

They jawed till they gin aöout o' paöwder,
Then Branch he sot daöwn for to write;
And he saässed aöur Galeüshy on paper,
And dared him to come out and fight.

But Galeüsh, he feared God, law, and pistols,
And so the smart cus he kep' in;
And O'Blarney he printed the letters,
And the Haöuse went to blowin' ag'in.

Oh, I wish I was Member o' Congress,
And set in the Haöuse where they jaw,
I'd keep the boys at it forever,
And wouldn't make nary a law!

Oyez.

Much as we would regret to hear that Governor Wise had lost his Voice, we should be highly delighted to learn that he was Speechless.

THE ACQUISITIVE BOY,

WHO BLUBBERED BECAUSE HIS FINGERS COULD NOT BE ADMITTED INTO ALL THE MUNICIPAL PIES.

THE SLAVE OF THE HOUSE.

ANY persons suppose the Inquisition to have ceased to exist. They are an ill-advised body. That organized system of torment, in its concentrated and virulent type, has ceased to exist; but the spirit of the thing, in a mild but universal form, thrives ever in the shape of the first class brown stone and basement house, high stoop, with all the modern improvements.

I know a young man, now a resident of Bedlam, who was driven into that kingdom by the cruel treatment of a House. He had been for some years in Paris, where he had learned all manner of pleasant, cheerful, and natural habits On returning to this city, he took up his abode in the residence of his sister-in-law, under the ensnaring promise that he should find there every comfort of home, in the bosom of his family.

Alas, me! How soon he found that the House was a merciless Juggernaut, before which he was obliged to throw himself down each day, and be crushed by its thousand-wheeled system of inexorable rules.

Fillipo, that was the victim's name, worshipped the Sun as a great sanitary monarch, and so, in the matter of getting up, followed that monarch—at a very respectful distance. But the impious House defied the solar sovereign, and gave forth its relentless fiat—breakfast at seven in winter. So while the earth was still wrapped in its ghastly blue mantle of daylight, while a thousand reeking dews and exhalations breathed out poison to the air, Fillipo crawled shivering from his bed, and thence down to a breakfast for which he had no appetite at that demoniac hour.

After this cheerful meal, Fillipo fain would have smoked a cigar, for, as his business did not claim him until twelve, there was at least four hours to be disposed of. Here, again, the House set its elephant's foot on his neck. Smoking anywhere in the body of the House, could only be equalled in its effects by a juvenile earthquake. The House, with its delicate nerves, would, in a fit of sneezing, have burst its cerements, and then ——. It was not necessary to urge this upon him, for he meekly felt that tobacco out of his own room was impossible.

His room did not seem exactly built with a convivial view. It was on the fourth story, a North room, without a fireplace, and the thermometer standing two degrees below zero. However, by means of putting on two overcoats and a shawl, by borrowing the blankets and counterpane from the bed to envelop his legs, and with his aunt's flannel petticoat and her muff on his head, he was enabled to have a pretty comfortable time, considering——considering Sir John Franklin.

Little by little the dreadful tyranny of the House was unfolded to his mind. Dinner was just at the most uncomfortable hour. At eleven o'clock at night the doors of this prison were barred and bolted. Fillipo was passionately fond of the theatre, but he must either sneak away ere the crisis of the play was worked out, or risk the ringing of the bell of his domicile, in which latter case he was kept out in the snow, an hour or so for private meditation, and then obliged to face an enraged and dangerous housemaid

Poor Fillipo! Sunday was the toppling point of his anguish. He was of an extremely domestic turn, and loved to spend that day at home in an atmosphere of pipes and newspapers. But first of all, the piety, the morality, the social standing of the House demanded that the neighbors, who were supposed to be keenly watching its deportment, should see him go to church at least once each Sunday. And he went.

Newspapers were not allowed in the parlors, they were said to make a litter. Fillipo, who loved children, and was particularly attached to the baby, begged that he might occasionally bring her into the parlor, but, of course, his request was denied. There was no telling what mischief her little fingers might do. Fillipo felt that the baby was the only human being in the establishment. All the rest of them marched their life through in a funeral procession, before the muffled drum of the House.

One Sunday, while sitting in the best parlor, it occurred to Fillipo that while that room was extremely dessolate, a warm sea of rich sunlight was rippling its glory against the closed and curtained windows. Acting on this suggestion he threw open the windows, and in tumbled a whole torrent of sun-splendor, to inundate with its bright waves, the grim majesty of the room. Hardly was this accomplished, when the entrance and remonstrance of his sister taught him that even the sunshine of heaven must not visit the House's cheek too roughly. Besides, the sun might fade its curtains. He gave a patient look around the room, and finding that all the furniture in it was equally under the iron rule, he bowed his head like a lamb and submitted. He saw that the House's chairs and sofas, though of a rich material, could not be seen, they were covered up with a cold and hideous linen cloth. That its mirrors, gas-fixtures, etc., though of the extremest elegance, could not be seen either, for the impenetrable, saffron-hued tarleton that enveloped them.

He sat down in a straight-backed chair—he had been warned against using the cushioned ones—and leaned his head back in dejection. Then and there his sister took occasion to tell him that his manner of sitting in her chairs was extremely painful to her. Leaning on the backs of the chairs rubbed off their gilding, dropping his hands tarnished their sides, and his habit of resting his heels firmly on the carpet gave a depression to the velvety nap of the same.

He meekly obeyed her as she spoke, sitting with his toes slightly touching the ground, his hands in a distorted clasp on his knees, and his spine bullied into self-support, rigidly and awfully upright.

From that moment Reason began to totter on its throne. He wandered about the House a mild and harmless idiot, the sport of the housemaids, the compassion of the children, the contempt of the heads of the family. His habits, his heart, his spirits were all broken.

Oh, gentle youth! thou were not strong enough to bear the torture of custom. Regularity and punctiliousness have murdered thy peace. No more shalt thou whistle at the office, weep with enthusiasm at the opera, nor shall thy name ever more be set over sweet verses in the *Weekly Honeysuckle!*

Oh, gentlest of hearts, sweetest of tenor voices, most gallant of beaux! where art thou now?—treading the halls of Bloomingdale. Waiting for the time when thou shalt find rest in that Mansion, whose floors are paved with gold, that the world's idol and king may be trodden under foot, where the soul triumphs over fashion, where the perfectness of life blots out the rasping demands of rule and convention, and the only roof and walls is the pure, grand blue heaven of the gods.

What do you think?

An aphorism-maker says, "The most frequent cause of celibacy among women is their being neither rich nor poor enough to get married."

We should have said that the most frequent cause of celibacy among women is their not being married at all.

Turning over a New Leaf.

The *Tribune* of the 4th inst. protests against the extravagant salaries drawn by the Pages at Albany. If these unlucky Pages are cut by Greeley, they may as well take their Leaves, for are they not Bound Outside?

A Short Road to Riches.

Take passage on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, and if you arrive safely at the end of your journey you may consider yourself Well Off.

The present Style of Ladies' Dress.

The Low and Behold style.

Rotation in Office.

MAYOR WOOD'S MOTTO JUST NOW.—Sweet are the uses of diversity.

Vinous.

If old wine is good, is Elder wine better?

HELP! HELP! HELP!

MOST amiable lady of our acquaintance has asked our aid in a delicate matter — nothing less than an exertion of diplomacy and negotiation, that she may obtain *help*. In other words, as our grandmothers would have spoken it, she wants to hire a servant. We have concluded to advertise, and having called in the aid of all the most delicate literary scribes, *who are also housekeepers*, we trust that we shall find favor among the ladies who are about to engage a mistress with this application:

HELP WANTED.—By a lady —whose husband obtains his meals away from home, and who would only give trouble by being present in the evening and very early in the morning, and whose children are boarded out,—a young lady to take entire charge of the domestic department. She can have her afternoons, evenings and Sundays to herself, with unlimited privileges for gentlemens' society in the kitchen. In that apartment are rocking-chairs and lounges, with a choice library of works of fiction. The beds are given out to make, the scrubbing is done by special contract, and the lady of the house cleans her own pots and washes her own dishes. She will also, if agreeable to the one who takes the situation, instruct her in the piano and guitar, with Italian and singing. Wages no object. Young ladies of the Hibernian nation would be preferred, especially those who come fresh from the green hills of Erin. Applications will receive immediate attention. Address, Laura Matilda, care of this Paper.

Cool!

The *Herald* of the 1st inst., alluding to the fact that a negro was frozen to death in Brooklyn, says, "Southern Slaves are not permitted to suffer in this manner." We never heard of a negro's freezing to death down South, except in one instance, but then ice was forwarded from the North expressly for the purpose. The *Herald's* veracity, reliability, etc., however, must have weight: we venture to agree with the *Herald*.

"Less than Kind."

"It is currently reported that our Star Millionaire permits a relative, whose name is Wolf, to remain in extremely necessitous circumstances.—*Travelling Item.*

Indeed! and what then?
Drop thy scurrilous pen,
Bohemian! he's doing no more
Than, time and again,
Has been counselled to men,
In "keeping the wolf from the door."

Not Posted.

A HOME WANTED—In Brooklyn, for a man and wife, in a civilized private family, whose moral reputation is above suspicion. Parties not difficult.

The above appears in the *Herald*. As the advertiser is probably a stranger, we would politely inform him that "civilized private families," etc., never take boarders. Civilization and private board are incompatible terms.

A Word to the Boy who expects to be President in A.D., 1900.

Refuse all instruction concerning the points of the Compass—since it will be absolutely necessary that you should "know no North, no South, no East, no West!"

"All Talk and no Cider."

Governor Wise, we have had ample opportunity to observe, is endowed with the Sense of Speech, but who could ever discover the Sense of his Speeches.

Ought to be seen to.

In nominating the Missouri statesman for President, the Republicans are merely hanging out Bates to catch Southern Votes.

A Suggestion.

Why doesn't some enterprising writer of "Business Notices" say of the French Shirt-Maker in Broadway, "Though his name is A. Foa, his wares are A. 1.?"

[That the Man on the *Sunday Mercury* who takes such an interest in our advertising arrangements, may not go into a decline about this ¶, we will state that it is inserted at the usual rates.]

The Reign Wood longs for.

A Check-Rein on the Tax-Commissioners.

Beneath this capacious white vest reposes the gushing heart of the Honorable Member of the First Congressional District of Pennsylvania, the Protector of the Rights of the Navy Yard at Philadelphia. On all great questions of National policy "He was weighed in the balance, and not found" voting.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE-YUNK.

MERCHANTABLE MISSES.

THAT portion of VANITY FAIR, which includes Our Best Society is, we learn, very much exercised just now by the fact that a number of marriages, in which several millions are involved, are on the *tapis*.

We do not suppose that any of them will compare in display, ostentation, vulgarity or publicity, with the great original Diamond Wedding, about which so much has been said and sung; nevertheless, its effect upon the matrimonial market is making itself apparent. Jenkins is busy and mysterious, and is, we understand, about to make the most of the opportunity thus afforded, by publishing a Matrimonial Price Current, or *Brown's Bulletin*.

Some idea of the general character of the sheet may be gathered from the following paragraphs, which are already in type:—

"There is a more lively demand for Cubans among the holders of Fancy Belles, and as the supply is limited we fear that many who have refused to close, in expectation of a rise, will be obliged to carry their stock too long."

"Mrs. B—— has three young and beautiful misses who will be out shortly. They have been bred especially with a view to the English market, and will, undoubtedly, command a high figure. They will not be put in view, however, until after the advent of a cargo of English Noblemen, who are expected to arrive here in search of Domestic American stock."

"We heard a painful rumor yesterday, to the effect that Mary Jane, the property of Close Phist, Esq., had disappointed the expectations of her parents, who have bred her magnificently, utterly regardless of expense, by marrying a man without a dollar!

"The only excuse she has so far offered for such unnatural, not to say criminal conduct, is, that she loved the fellow. The worthy parents are in great grief, and it is supposed, as one of their other daughters has a defect in her eyes (*Strabismus*), and the eldest has red hair, that the house of Close Phist & Wife must fail."

"The transaction has caused considerable stir, and fathers are anxious. One closed yesterday with a Mississippi Planter, at a lower figure than he had held his daughter at, for fear she might be indiscreet with a young reverend gentleman, to whom she has given evidences of attachment. We hope, for the sake of society's best interests, that the Love Distemper will not be epidemic among this season's stock, as the effect would be disastrous upon many families, whose sole expectations depend upon their daughters."

"The Washington Market will open immediately after the election of a Speaker. Several holders of fancy bred Blondes, are going on, we learn, with a view to opening negotiations with Members of the Diplomatic corps, should any of the body prove available."

"English Elder sons are buoyant."

"There is quite a fair demand for Southern Planters."

"Spanish Dons vary with their ages; the oldest pay best, and are consequently much sought after."

"The Count de Bonne arrived in the city yesterday. His appearance in the Wife Exchange, last evening, created much excitement We learn that he has already offered for Blanche, the daughter of Vice-Scroo, Esq., but he did not reach the high figure at which she is held. It is thought, however, that she will change hands soon, as she is already slightly damaged by overhandling, and is quite shop-worn."

"A small lot of sixteen-year-old Brunettes went off last week, to city buyers, at moderate prices, but as the trouseaux were limited, and no settlements were made, the transaction is hardly worth mentioning."

THE BENICIA BOY'S FAREWELL.

COME friends, a drink, and let no fear
For me your hearts annoy,
But let your bets and hopes be buoyed
By your Benicia Boy.

I go to strive in honest fight
For dear Columbia's pride;
Nor shall, I swear, my courage ebb,
Whatever may be tide.

For though I, too, may lose the fight,
Like Paddock and like Brettle,
What matter if we're foiled of "tin,"
We'll still have Yankee mettle.

So grasp again my bunch of fives,
My shoulder-hitting hearties,
Of all the arts, the manly art
The highest style of Art is.

Already from the other side
The notes of welcome come,
And 'mid those honest Englishmen
I know I'll feel at home.

Old Harry Broome has sent me word
To come and join his crew, Sirs,
He brews the finest kind of "tap,"
I hear, for Yankee bruisers.

For Britons live on beef and beer,
Like fighting-cocks, they say,
But then, the grandest English fare,
I know, is their fair play.

The English prize-ring looks with scorn
On rough and tumble scrouging,
On Derringer and Bowie-knife,
On biting and on gouging.

But, man to man, they sternly try
Which of the pair is bolder,
And every gallant shoulder Blade
Is rightly on the shoulder.

Old Berkeley says my guard is weak—
That I'll be whipped by Sayers,
But bless you, all such random talk
This child but little scares.

I'll wind our colors round my loins—
The blue and crimson bars,
And if Tom does not feel the stripes,
I'll make him see the stars!

And sure as eggs is eggs I'll whip
The cream of British Fancy,
And of Tom make a silly-bub
As nice as any can see.

Then don't look glum my jolly pals,
Say! Cusick and McKibben!
You'll find that, though I never lie,
I'm awful death on "fibbing."

For all this Berkeley's idle talk
I do not care a button,
I won't to Tom cold shoulder give,
But let him "taste my mutton."

So here's one toast before I go,
The Yankee land, God bless it,
And for her sake, this Champion's belt,
I hope I may possess it.

And each good fellow give me now
A good grip with your feeler,
And win or lose, just drink my health
In Old Mononghahela.

WAITER.—Have anything more, Sir?

DRAMATIC CRITIC.—No—aw, yes—give me another cup of coffee, extra strong. I have to see a new American Comedy to-night, and *must* keep awake!

OUR CANDIDATE.

Are we communicating any news to the general public, when we say that there seem to be irreconcilable difficulties in the way of a nomination for a Presidential Candidate, whose election will be a sure thing. Of the six thousand seven hundred and twenty-two prominent greatest men in the country, who are now before the public for that honor, we cannot put our finger on one and positively assert that he will be elected. There is something undoubtedly wrong in this, and our duty as conservators of the public good urges us to our best efforts that we may ameliorate the difficulty. With this view, and emulous of following the illustrious example of the Evansville (Indiana) *Journal* in its advocacy of Bates for the Presidency, we beg leave to bring forward Our Man, Mr. George Washington Turnup, whose name will be well known to many—not that we base our recommendation on that fact—is a man who must carry the united vote of every section. He must, as a necessity, carry the Republican vote, as he is now a Republican of the unquestioned stripe, before which, having been an Old Line Whig, he must receive the entire vote of that respectable and powerful party. The Native American suffrage we claim from the well-known circumstance that Mr. Turnup was once President of a Know Nothing lodge. Again, Our Candidate must take the Anti-Lecompites, when they remember the course that gentleman pursued in the Kansas struggle; and last, though not least, Mr. G. W. T. will carry both wings of the Democratic party, as a matter of gratitude for past services, he having faithfully stuck to that text through three arduous years in the Board of Aldermen, and a term in the State Assembly. We cannot see any man so well calculated to harmonize all parties as George Washington Turnup.

Turn-about is Fair Play.

Mr. Wood labors under a fatal load of obligation to the desperate and dangerous classes.—[Daily Tribune.

And very justly. Has not Mr. Wood labored to Come a Load over them, before now?

Sentiment by a Young Father.

THE "APPLE JACK" OF MY EYE.—My boy John.

The Last Rose of Sumner.

Neg-roes.

Foreign Dramatic Intelligence.

We are happy to learn that the enterprising proprietor of the *Herald* has engaged a Professor of Languages to translate the Dramatic and Musical criticisms of that paper.

Modern Martyrs.

FOR THE TAMMANY MISSAL.

The martyrs of old
From their virtues, we're told,
Could alone, the bright calendar grace.
Now, no matter the taint
Each Buchanan-ized saint
Is installed in the Heaven of Place.

Cruel.

Gerritt Smith is at Utica, slowly recovering from his mental aberration. The *Tribune* of last Friday says:—"We sent to him the files of the *Tribune* for a month and a-half past, which will be read to him." We predict a relapse.

That Clock.

With such a horde of time-servers about the City Hall, pray, why can't we be Served with the Time!

A Mem. for the "Boy."

A great many people in this world are Sayers but not Doers. It will be bad for Heenan if the English Champion should rank in both classes.

CURIOUS BULB,
FOUND AT WHEATLAND.

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PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE,
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